MONICA RAMBEAU

PHOTON

EWING
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When New Orleans Harbor Patrol Lieutenant **Monica Rambeau** destroyed a super-weapon, she gained the ability to convert her body into any form of energy! Inheriting the "**Captain Marvel**" title, Monica has since used her powers to protect others as a member of the **Ultimates**, **Thunderbolts** and even as leader of the mighty **Avengers**. Whatever team she may join or name she may go by, her heroism will never waver--for she is . . .

MONICA RAMBEAU PHOTON

After taking a much-needed break in the depths of deep space, **Monica** was greeted by a new incarnation of the **Beyonder**. This Beyonder was the first sign that something was amiss, as Monica began seeing reality shift around her, with unfamiliar versions of her friends, family and old foes popping up. Two of those enemies, **Hinge** and **Moonstone**, confronted her, believing her to be the cause of the reality fractures--which Monica vehemently denied.

Monica escaped with the **Hala Stone**, a relic she thought would resolve the problem. But when she returned to the **Charos**, an alien species she had helped earlier, they confirmed that she is indeed the cause of the breaks in reality, not the stone. A dejected Monica, finally accepting that her fractured mental state *might* have something to do with the problem, called on someone whose whole deal is knowing what you want and getting it--the emotion-manipulating prince of desire, **Starfox**!

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WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE LOVELY *MONICA RAMBEAU.* WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY SHIP?

AND WHO'S YOUR *FRIEND,* DARLING?

STARFOX, WHAT A *PLEASURE.* I'M THE *BEYONDER.*

WHAT?! MONICA, YOU BROUGHT THAT AGENT OF *MAYHEM* HERE?!

HOLD ON NOW, HONEY!

THEY'RE MORE LIKE *A* BEYONDER, NOT *THE* BEYONDER.

OUCH.

I MEAN, NOT THE ONE *WE* KNOW.

I FEEL LIKE YOU AND I KNOW EACH OTHER PRETTY *WELL* BY NOW.

I CAN *EXPLAIN!*

A FEW TENSE MINUTES LATER...

SO, YEAH. HONESTLY, THE FACT THAT YOU EVEN REMEMBER THE ***BEYONDER*** MESS IS A GOOD SIGN.

EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE "MY" STARFOX FROM "MY" REALITY.

WELL. I'M ALWAYS SINCERELY ***YOUR*** STARFOX, WHEREVER IN EXISTENCE YOU MAY FIND ME.

BUT, YES. IT WOULD SEEM THAT IN THIS DISTANT CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE, YOUR...SHALL WE SAY...***TUMULT***... HAS NOT REACHED US.

FOR NOW.

WELL, THAT'S GREAT!

THAT'S THE *GOOD* NEWS.

YOU'RE IMPLYING THAT THERE'S ***BAD*** NEWS.

WITHOUT A ***DOUBT.*** AT THIS MOMENT, YES, WE HAVE ADEQUATE DISTANCE FROM THE FISSURES YOU'VE ***ALREADY*** CAUSED AND HAVE BEEN SPARED.

BUT EVERY MOMENT YOU REMAIN HERE, WE COME CLOSER TO CREATING ANOTHER INFLECTION POINT, CREATING ANOTHER PINPRICK OF ***CHAOS*** THAT WILL HASTEN--

WOULD YOU KINDLY ***STOP*** POKING AND PRODDING AT MY ***THINGS?***

STARFOX, ***FOCUS!*** PINPRICK OF CHAOS THAT WILL HASTEN ***WHAT?***

AH, YES. ERM...

...SOMETHING AKIN TO THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE UNIVERSE, AS THE FABRIC OF REALITY ***RENDS*** AND ***WRENCHES*** ITSELF APART WITH ***YOU*** AT THE CENTER.

EXCUSE ME? I HATE TO BREAK UP THE *PITY PARTY*, BUT DIDN'T YOU BRING US HERE SO THAT THIS FELLOW COULD *SOLVE* YOUR PROBLEM?

YES. YES. STARFOX, THE CURRENT BEST THEORY WE HAVE ABOUT WHY THIS IS HAPPENING IS THAT SOME *DEEP-SEATED DESIRE* OF MINE IS GOING *UNMET.*

DESIRE, YOU SAY? WE COULD FIX THAT EASILY ENOUGH.

I'M GOOD ON THAT FRONT, *THANKS.*

DESIRE OF THE *SPIRIT*, NOT OF THE *BODY*. SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN HER PERSON-HOOD THAT IS *UNSETTLED.*

HMMM...

OF COURSE, I HAVE MY ***OWN*** INSTINCTS AND ABILITIES TO REVEAL HIDDEN ***WANTS.*** BUT THIS IS A ***MULTIVERSAL*** PROBLEM. WE SHALL REQUIRE SOME ***AMPLIFICATION.***

WITH YOUR ***CONSENT,*** I USE MY ABILITIES TO TAP INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS. AT THE SAME TIME, WE LINK YOUR NEURAL NETWORK TO I.S.A.A.C.

WHO'S THAT?

THE ***INTEGRAL SYNAPTIC ANTI-ANIONIC COMPUTER.*** IT SERVES MY PEOPLE-- THE PEOPLE OF ***TITAN.***

WITH I.S.A.A.C.'S HELP, WE CAN EXPLORE ALL PLANES OF THE UNIVERSE AND FIGURE OUT WHICH OF YOUR UNRECONCILED DESIRES CAN LEAD TO THE RESTORATION OF REALITY.

I SEEM TO RECALL THAT WHEN YOU DID THIS WITH ***VISION,*** IT MADE HIM GO ***MAD.****

YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT A ***SYNTHEZOID!*** IT WILL BE FINE.

PROBABLY.

****IN AVENGERS #242,*** OF COURSE! --E.E.

WHATEVER WE DO, WE MUST MAKE ***HASTE.*** AS LONG AS YOU ARE HERE, THE FRACTURES DRAW NEARER. THE STABILITY OF THE WORLD AROUND US IS ON ***BORROWED*** TIME.

LET'S ***DO*** IT.

MAY I OBSERVE THIS PROCESS? IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR MY OWN LEARNING.

YOU'D LIKE TO *WATCH?* WHY, *SURE.*

YOU ARE REALLY *INSUFFERABLE.*

MONICA RAMBEAU, I HAVE SEEN YOU FACE *COUNTLESS* THREATS DEADLIER AND MORE MENACING THAN *THIS.*

BUT YOU'RE SHAKING.

DIVING AS DEEP AS POSSIBLE INTO MY OWN SUBCONSCIOUS?

NOTHING COULD BE *SCARIER.*

BEYONDER, I--

OH NO. THEY'RE *GONE!*

THAT'S A BAD SIGN. THESE FRACTIOUS DIVIDES ARE *FINDING* YOU AGAIN, MONICA.

WE SHOULD HURRY, BEFORE THE VERY FACT OF THIS *SHIP'S* EXISTENCE IS UP FOR DISPUTE.

ARE YOU READY?

NOT IN THE *SLIGHTEST.*

LET'S *GO.*

I THINK...I THINK THIS IS WORKING.

I JUST HOPE IT'S WORKING *QUICKLY* ENOUGH.

I WANT TO PROVE THAT I'M THE CAPTAIN OF MY OWN SHIP.

I WANT TO PROVE THAT I'M WORTHY OF THIS NAME.

I WANT TO PROVE THAT I CAN LEAD. THAT I'M RELIABLE.

I WANT TO PROVE THAT PEOPLE CAN COUNT ON ME. THAT I'M MORE THAN WHAT THEY EXPECT.

MONICA...

I WANT TO PROVE THA... ENOUGH HARDWORKI... MONICA CALL ON MON... TO PROVE PROVE P... OD ENOUGH SMART ENOUGH CAPABLE H WORK MONICA WORK HARD PROVE E MONICA GOOD OL' MONICA I WANT VE PROVE PROVE PROVE--

MONICA!

MONICA, LISTEN TO ME! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH *TIME!*

ALL OF THESE *REVERIES*... YOUR DESIRES...THEY ALL FEATURE *OTHER* PEOPLE.

WHAT ABOUT *YOU?*

MY DEAR. WHAT DO *YOU* WANT, MONICA? FOR YOURSELF?

I WANT...

...TO KNOW. TO REALLY, ***REALLY*** KNOW WITH UTTER CERTAINTY.

THAT I AM FINE. I'M OKAY. I DON'T HAVE TO PROVE A THING. I'M A WOMAN OF ***NEAR-LIMITLESS*** POWER, BUT I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING. I CAN'T CONTROL EVERYTHING.

AND THAT'S OKAY. I'VE ***DONE*** ENOUGH.

I AM ENOUGH.

ALL BY MY DAMN SELF.

SHAZAM!

IT...IT'S PAUSED. THE *MAELSTROM.*

MMMPH. I FEEL LIKE I GOT HIT BY A *TRAIN.* WE DID IT?

IT APPEARS SO.

EVERYTHING APPEARS *FROZEN* AS IT WAS AT THE MOMENT JUST BEFORE YOU HAD YOUR *EPIPHANY.*

BUT IT HAS NOT *RETURNED* TO *NORMAL.* I FEAR THAT MAY BE BEYOND THE LIMITS OF MY *POWER.*

BUT NOT BEYOND THE LIMITS OF *MINE.*

YOU KNOW, WHEN I STARTED THIS GIG, I WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO ***UNDERSTAND*** EVERYTHING. PICK IT APART. LIKE ***REED RICHARDS.*** LIKE ***ADAM BRASHEAR.*** ANALYZE IT TO WITHIN AN INCH OF ITS LIFE.

BUT MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE SPENT A LITTLE LESS TIME TRYING TO ***KNOW*** EVERYTHING AND A LITTLE MORE TIME TRYING TO ***FEEL.***

IT'S DISSIPATING. THIS SHOULD BE *IMPOSSIBLE.*

BUT IT'S HAPPENING *ANYWAY.*

SHAME ON ME, MY DEAR FRIEND. FOR EVEN AFTER KNOWING YOU ALL THESE YEARS...

"...I DON'T THINK I *EVER* TRULY RECKONED WITH HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE.

"BUT THEN AGAIN...

"...I DON'T THINK *YOU* DID *EITHER.*

"NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE MAKE THE *MISTAKE* OF UNDERESTIMATING MONICA RAMBEAU.

"NEVER AGAIN."

Willie Mae

BONG-
BONG

CALEB? I WAS WONDERING. COULD I COME BY AND MAYBE...YOU COULD MAKE SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS *RED BEANS?*

GIRL! IT IS *2 A.M.!*

COME ON *BY.*

JUST...COULD YOU NOT DO THE FAST-AS-LIGHT *THING?* GIVE ME, LIKE, THIRTY MINUTES.

COOL.

I'LL BE THERE.

THE END.

ZONE